

## Part1 Blind Crazy Insyphiliptic Fun: Qualms

by Wil

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Summary: The Slayerettes are fed up with Spike and something's up with Parker. Find out what happens when Spike reveals a secret Angel failed to mention!

## Part1 Blind Crazy Insyphiliptic Fun: Qualms

> <meta name="Author"> part1 \*\*Blind Crazy Insyphiliptic Fun Saga\*\*  
\_Part I\_  
><em>by Wil & Nina<em>

\*\*Qualms\*\*

Willow backed her way through the entrance to Giles' condominium with her books and a bag full of supplies from the magic shop to find most of the gang already gathered together. She smiled and unceremoniously dumped her bag on the floor near the door and made her way to the couch.

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"Sorry I'm late. What'd I miss?" she inquired.

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"We were just discussing what we're going to do about Spike," Giles informed, lifting his horn-rimmed glasses to rub at the bridge of his nose.

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"What about him?"

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"He's driving us all nuts, is what," Xander exploded vehemently. "But then you didn't have him mooching off of you, did you? Girls are so lucky!"

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"I was there. He's interesting to talk to, nice to look at, but he

wouldn't leave. I wanted to have sex with Xander."

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Buffy and Willow exchanged glances.

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"I have to agree with Xander and Giles on this one. Spike's getting a little ridiculous. I mean first he's just some annoyance, then he can help, and now he's all feisty again-chip in the head still as intact as ever," Buffy added, sitting on the arm of the sofa.

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"It's not his fault that he can't kill demons without them hunting him," Willow reasoned.

> <p>

"That's not the point. He's completely in control of staying out of our way, yet he is constantly at foot, like some harping little dog," Giles continued. "Something must be done about him."

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"Maybe Riley can do something about the chip in his head. I mean, if he's not helpless anymore I can just dust him," Buffy suggested almost brightly. "Poof, problem solved!"

> <p>

"That doesn't seem quite right, Buffy," Giles pointed out.

> <p>

"We can't just poof him! Not after we had to stop him from doing it him-self. He's really not so bad... he's kind of... fuzzy," Willow defended as best she could. How *\*did\** you stick up for a once mass killer?

> <p>

"Maybe not, but it's an idea. Write it down," Xander insisted, tapping the pad of paper and pen Anya had in her hand. "Go on. Write it."

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"He's a demon. He'd kill you first," Anya said, "We need another idea."

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"If he was insane like Drusilla, we could have him committed," Buffy muttered, only half joking in her response. She got this image of Spike bound in a straight jacket, sitting in a padded room, in her mind and had to stop herself from grinning.

> <p>

"Oh!" Willow brightened, remembering. "Did you guys hear what's been going on around the campus?"

> <p>

"Drusilla reminds you of school? God, Will, you're getting freaky—" Xander started.

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Willow rolled her eyes, "No, when Buffy mentioned insane, it reminded me of what I heard from Tara this morning. Parker and a couple of

other kids have been acting really weird lately. For the last week or so he's been rambling about the...Evil Kow Ruby? Is that something important we should check out Giles?"

> <p>

"Kow Ruby? I've never heard of it, but it may be worth a look," Giles considered. "Students may be experiencing an increase of demonic activity due to the recent events of trying to re-open the Hellmouth."

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"But that's not all. Tara said Parker started screaming that he couldn't see at breakfast. It was like he'd just suddenly gone blind."

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"Good, serves him right. I hope he suffers. A lot." Buffy pouted.

> <p>

"Buffy!" Giles reprimanded.

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"Sorry. I guess I still have issues and haven't quite forgiven him."

> <p>

"That's kind of strange... sounds like that bout of Syphilis I had when that Indian guy hexed me," Xander mumbled. "Anya, didn't you mention something about insanity, then blindness?"

> <p>

Everyone's eyes widened at the thought, and Buffy swallowed reflexively, "You don't think-"

> <p>

"Considering his promiscuity I would not put it past the boy," Giles said carefully, "However, it is not the most common of sexually transmitted diseases in this day and age; yet, I think it would be wise if you were tested, Buffy."

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Buffy squirmed in her seat, rather uncomfortably, "You don't think it was me, do you?"

> <p>

"Of course not!" Willow blurted suddenly. "I mean who would you have gotten it from? Angel? He's been around for two hundred some odd years and he's not insane or blind!" There was a bloom of self-assuredness in her voice.

> <p>

"Yeah? Maybe not Angel, but Angelus was," Spike voiced, who had entered unnoticed by the group. "I think it's time we shared a lil' secret."

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>Cordelia surfed the web targeting their latest case, a Tikoloshe. He was described as an ugly little monkey-like thing that was preying on

the women of the LA nightlife, "Oh ew, why can't we have any cute human-looking demons to go after?" <br>

Angel and Wesley looked up from the pile of books they were researching. The vampire smiled a bit and shook his head, still skimming his research material, "Look at it this way, Cordelia. The uglier they are, the more you'll want to kill them. It makes it easier."

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"Here, here," Wesley agreed, finding a sketch of the culprit, and displaying the page for Angel to better view. "But he certainly is a repulsive creature."

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Cordelia seemed to consider this when the phone rang. She reached for it and instinctively spouted her schpeil, "Angel Investigations, we help the helpless."

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Her face paled and she swallowed, listening to the voice on the other extension, "Oh God...it's you."

> <p>

"What's wrong?" Immediately, Angel was on his feet and grabbing the receiver from Cordelia's slack hand. "Who is this?"

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From the other end of the line he heard an arrogant laugh, "Peaches, I'm hurt! Me own sire doesn't even recognize his old mate, Spike?"

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"What do you want?" Angel demanded.

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Wesley stumbled to his feet and went to Cordelia's side. She had mostly recovered from the surprise of the caller and they listened to Angel's side of the conversation. He glanced at Cordelia reassuringly and returned to his conversation with Spike.

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"It seems we've got a bit of a situation here in Sunnyhell. You might be able to shed some light on the subject."

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"You're calling me for help?" He asked uncertainly.

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"I'm calling on behalf of your darling lil' Buffy-"

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"Give that to me, Spike!" Giles' voice came onto the line and the sounds of grumbling crackled over the telephone line. "Angel?"

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"Giles, are you alright?" The vampire looked confused, and both Cordelia and Wesley tensed, fearing the worst. Giles caught by Spike? This couldn't be good in any scenario.

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"Fine. Fine. You'll have to forgive Spike, he's been... an annoyance of sorts as of late-"

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Angel blinked. "I'm sorry did you just-"

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"I'll explain later. At the moment, we have another problem at hand that perhaps you could clear up for us. Spike assures us that it might be best if you were to explain it in person."

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Angel's eyes narrowed, "I don't understand what you're talking about. Don't tell me you're relying on Spike's information? How do you know he's not trying to deceive you?"

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"He has no reason to lie and is quite the wrong position to do so, at this time. It involves a bit of an epidemic we are currently experiencing. We fear it may effect Buffy." Giles informed.

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"I'll be there by sunset."

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"No need, we'll send her out to you. It may be safer, considering the circumstances. Goodbye, Angel, I trust you'll do what you can to help her."

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"You know I will. Goodbye, and thank you, Rupert." Angel hung up the phone and turned to his friends, who were watching him expectantly.

"Buffy's coming for a visit."

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End  
file.